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He ſees in the ſhades of night their pale and bloody corſes, and contemplates with horror the mortal wounds. Hardly has the day dawned, when he ruſhes furioſly forth, hoping that the horrid images will ceaſe to purſue him; but in vain, for they are the creation of his remorse, and appear for ever before him. He runs hither and thither, then ſuddenly ſtops, thinking his ſon opposes his advance; but, at laſt, having reached in his wanderings the ſummit of a precipice, he threw himſelf from it, and thus terminated his life and his crimes!

The greateſt exertions were uſed for the recovery of Sandro, and they were ſucceſſful. He gave liberty to Ronzardo, and frequently lamented with him, the unhappy fate of their parents, who had ſo miſerably fallen, by yielding to the hateful paſſion of revenge.

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*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

"We ſhall be obliged to any of our Correſpondents in the neighbourhood of Dungannon, where we underſtand this plagiariſt [H.H.H.] lives; to communicate his name, that we may expoſe him to public view. Some years ago we detected him acting in the ſame manner, under the ſignatures of "William," "D.," &c. He, at that time, we underſtood, was a clerk in a woollen-draper's ſhop."

See Belfast Mag. for Jan. 1813.

**A**FTER Mr. CRABTREE has whipped H.H.H.'s ſenſibility ſo ſeverely, and after MENTOR has given him ſuch appropriate counſel how to manage his ignorance in future, he would indeed be torpid as the oyster, were he to require another flagellation. As, however, thieves are generally creatures caſt with obtuſe feelings, and as the above-mentioned culprit has evinced an inordinate

quantity of braſs to have been kneaded in his forehead, by appearing in Dungannon even ſince he received the caſtigation of your correſpondents, I have complied with your invitation, and tranſmit you a warrant, by which you will at any time be empowered to put him in the pillory.

You confound the identity of two characters, in ſuppoſing H.H.H., WILLIAM, D., &c. to be the ſame: they are different perſons. The latter was a mere boy, and his offence was not unpardonable. The former is in appearance a man, matured to the phrase, *well ſtricken in years*.

And who, think you, is he? A perſon, I aſſure you, who brandiſhes a much more formidable weapon than the quill: verily nothing leſs than the ſword *militairẽ*. During his ſtay in Dungannon, he was quite an Adonis with many of the ſiſterhood: he had hung their bells, and righted their fans, and done all the frivolous gallantries of a "carpet knight." By repeatedly clapping ſuch aſſiduities, like ſo many brimſtone matches, to their hearts, he was able to put them in a ſtate of effectual combuſtion; and, it is ſaid, occaſioned various broils, piques, jealousies, &c., between families. Perhaps, then, it might be in order to complete his triumph, by ſtorming the mental fortreſs, now he had gained the corporeal, that he uſed this laſt conſummate artifice.

Or perhaps this pseudo poet, one of the illuminati, and "moſt *thinking* people of England," imagines he may play as many monkey tricks as he pleaſes among us *wild Hiſh*. He wants to try our cullibility. Like his half-brother Cacus, who, when ſtealing Hercules's cows, dragged them backwards by the tail, to prevent diſcovery; ſo this literary thief, by a little backward dexterity, imagined he could eaſily dupe the moun-

tain ignorance of Paddy. But Irish taste will never be fed by the hand of such a caterer. What! shall the public table be furnished from the depot of larceny? No: this minstrel-quack, to whom Apollo denied a diploma, makes up his bolus too grossly for the national palate.

H.H.H. is an officer, (I think a Lieutenant,) in a regiment of militia, a party of which regiment were lately doing duty in Dungannon. I understand he was modest enough to let his acquaintance know when he had communicated any thing to your Magazine, and I have seen the number sought after with eager avidity. He who signed WILLIAM, and D., is long since gone from Dungannon.

This is what I know of H.H.H. I was not personally acquainted with him, so that I have not heard him orally declare himself the writer whose signature was H.H.H., but he is the universally accredited person, and I believe it unquestionable.

The Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine are at liberty to use this communication in whatever manner they please.

B.

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*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

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THE word nation signifies a distinct, peculiar people, united to each other by the strongest and most endearing ties; speaking the same language; attached to each other by a similarity of manners and customs, and separated from, and unconnected with any other society of men.

Every nation may be considered as a numerous and widely-extended family; governed by the same laws; professing obedience to the same supreme head; attached to each other by the strong ties of interest and relationship; feeling the same parti-

ality towards their native country; and the same disgust, or antipathy, towards strangers and foreigners. Considered in so grand a point of view, the duties which we owe to society become more distinct and clear. Family duties become in some measure social. With that strong and ardent love which unites and connects the members of a family, should we love our countrymen. With that fervent zeal which every member of a family evinces, in endeavouring to promote the interest, honour, and respectability of his family, should we be animated in behalf of our country. Patriotism and loyalty should glow in our breasts: philanthropy and love should characterize our actions; and all our talents and resources, nay, even our lives and fortunes, should be offered at the shrine of duty, if such a sacrifice could have the smallest tendency to rescue our country from impending danger, or promote her glory or happiness.

Of all the vices which degrade the human character, selfishness is the most odious and disgraceful. It is the characteristic mark of internal corruption. It discovers a heart, destitute of every fine and generous feeling; insensible to the mild and gentle virtues of benevolence and humanity; and completely sunk in vice and depravity. Those mean, sordid wretches, whose sole happiness consists in self-gratification, are completely destitute of the slightest feeling of philanthropy or patriotism. Frequently insensible to the misfortunes of their friends and relatives, sentiments of concern for the welfare of their country cannot reasonably be expected from them. Their thoughts being wholly occupied in contriving schemes to amass wealth, and increase their personal possessions, the misfortunes of their country seldom cost them a sigh;